

3. R. L.
O D E S

TO

Mr. P A I N E, ^{840. R. 14}₂

AUTHOR OF

“RIGHTS OF MAN;”

ON THE INTENDED CELEBRATION OF

THE DOWNFALL OF THE FRENCH EMPIRE,

BY A

SET OF BRITISH DEMOCRATES,

On the FOURTEENTH of JULY.

By PETER PINDAR, Esq. K

*Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, vel carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis.*—

JUVENAL.

L O N D O N:

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M.DCC.XCI.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

Say, didst thou fear that Britain was too blest,
 Of Peace thou most delicious pest?
 How shameful that this pin's-head of an ISLE,
 Whilst half the GLOBE's in grief, should wear a smile!
 How dares the WREN amidst his hedges sing,
 Whilst Eagles droop the beak, and flag the wing?

O must the scythe of DESOLATION sleep,
 So keen for carnage, stay its mighty sweep,
 And HAVOCK on his hunter drop his lash;
 Spurr'd, arm'd, and ripe to storm with groans the sky,
 To chase an Empire, and enjoy the cry,
 The cry of Millions—what a glorious crash!

What

What pity thy combustibles were bad !

How DEATH had grinn'd delight, and Hell been glad,

To see our liberties o'erturning ;

And WAR, whose expectation tiptoe stood,

Ready for hills of slain, and seas of blood,

Who drops his death's-head flag, and puts on mourning !

Why, cur-like, didst thou sneak away, nay fly ?

Dread'ft thou of anger'd JUSTICE the sharp eye ?

Return, and bring MESDAMES POISSARDES along :

And lo, with Friendship's squeeze and fire to meet 'em,

And oaths of ev'ry hue to greet 'em,

The sisterhood of Billingsgate shall throng.

The

The jails may open all their dreary cells,
 Where HORROR brooding on damnation dwells,
 And vomit forth their grisly bands;
 Surrounded by this squallid host,
 PAINE shall their leader be, and boast;
 PAINE, GORDON, and REBELLION, shall shake hands.

IMPORTANCE, in a nut-shell hide thy head!
 I deem'd myself a dare-devil in rhyme,
 To *whisper* to a KING of modern time,
 And try to strike a royal *foible* dead;
 Whilst dauntless *thou*, of *treason* mak'st no bones,
 But strik'st at *Kings themselves* upon their thrones!

ODE

O D E II.

HELL hears our pray'r !—all is not lost—

Behold a chosen few, a *host*,

Stand forth the CHAMPIONS of the glorious Cause !

The jails are opening !—hark ! the iron doors !

Chains clank !—the brazen throat of TUMULT roars ;

And lo, the destin'd VICTIMS of the Laws !

Disgorg'd, they pour in dark'ning tribes along,

And mingle with our DEMOCRATIC THRONG !

C

BEDLAM

BEDLAM unlocks her melancholy cells !

Forth rush the MANIACS grim, with joyful yells ;

They tear their blankets, clap their frenzy'd hands ;

They grind their teeth, they dance, they foam, they stare ;

They rend with bursts of laughter wild the air ;

And join, they know not why, our thick'ning bands !

Thou SUN, withdraw thy hated day ;

To Æthiop DARKNESS yield thy reign ;

And hide in clouds, O MOON, thy ray,

Nor peep upon our spectre scene !—

Though faint thy solitary light,

We feel thy feeble beam too bright.

Ah !

Ah ! PEACE, thy triumph now is o'er !

Thy cheek so cheerful smiles no more ;

Thine eye with disappointment glooms !

Our Music shall be NATURE's cry ;

Our ears shall feast on PITY's sigh—

Lo, haggard DEATH prepares his tombs !—

Hot with the fascinating grape, we reel ;

The full proud spirit of Rebellion feel !—

SON of Sedition, daring PAINE,

Whilst speech endues thy treason tongue,

Bid the roof ring with damned song,

And EREBUS shall echo back the strain.

SONG,

SONG, by Mr. *P A I N E*.

COME, good fellows all—Confusion's the toast,

And success to our excellent Cause:—

As we've nothing to *lose*, lo, nought can be lost,

So, perdition to Monarchs and Laws!

FRANCE shows us the way—an example how great!

Then, like France, let us stir up a riot;

May our names be preserv'd by some damnable feat,

For what but a wretch would lie quiet?

As

As we all are poor rogues, 'tis most certainly right,
 At the doors of the rich ones to thunder ;
 Like the thieves who set fire to a dwelling by night,
 And come in for a share of the plunder.

Whoever for mischief invents the best plan,
 Best murders, sets fire, and knocks down,
 The votes of our CLUB shall be giv'n to that MAN,
 And *Hemlock* shall form him a crown.

Our Empire has tow'r'd with a lustre too long ;
 Then blot out this wonderful SUN ;
 Let us arm then at once, and in confidence strong
 Complete what dark GORDON begun.

D

But

But grant a defeat—we are hang'd, and that's all ;

A punishment light as a feather ;—

Yet we triumph in death, as we CATILINES fall,

And go to the Devil together.

THE END.